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Swank Talk

Every month, I'm surprised by the array of absolutely awesome asses, perfectly pink pussies, and titillating, well, tits. From *Kayden's* sweet little pie to *Alana's* unbelievable rack, there's definitely something for everybody in this issue of ***SWANK***! Believe me, there are plenty of loads to be dropped, 'cause I've dropped plenty in the last few hours of editing this thing! Hey, when you're done cranking it to the babes, try cranking it to everything else we've got here! Again, loads will be dropped on every page! Don't believe me? Turn this one and get started... if you and your dick dare!

–Ron Jeremy & Mary Carey

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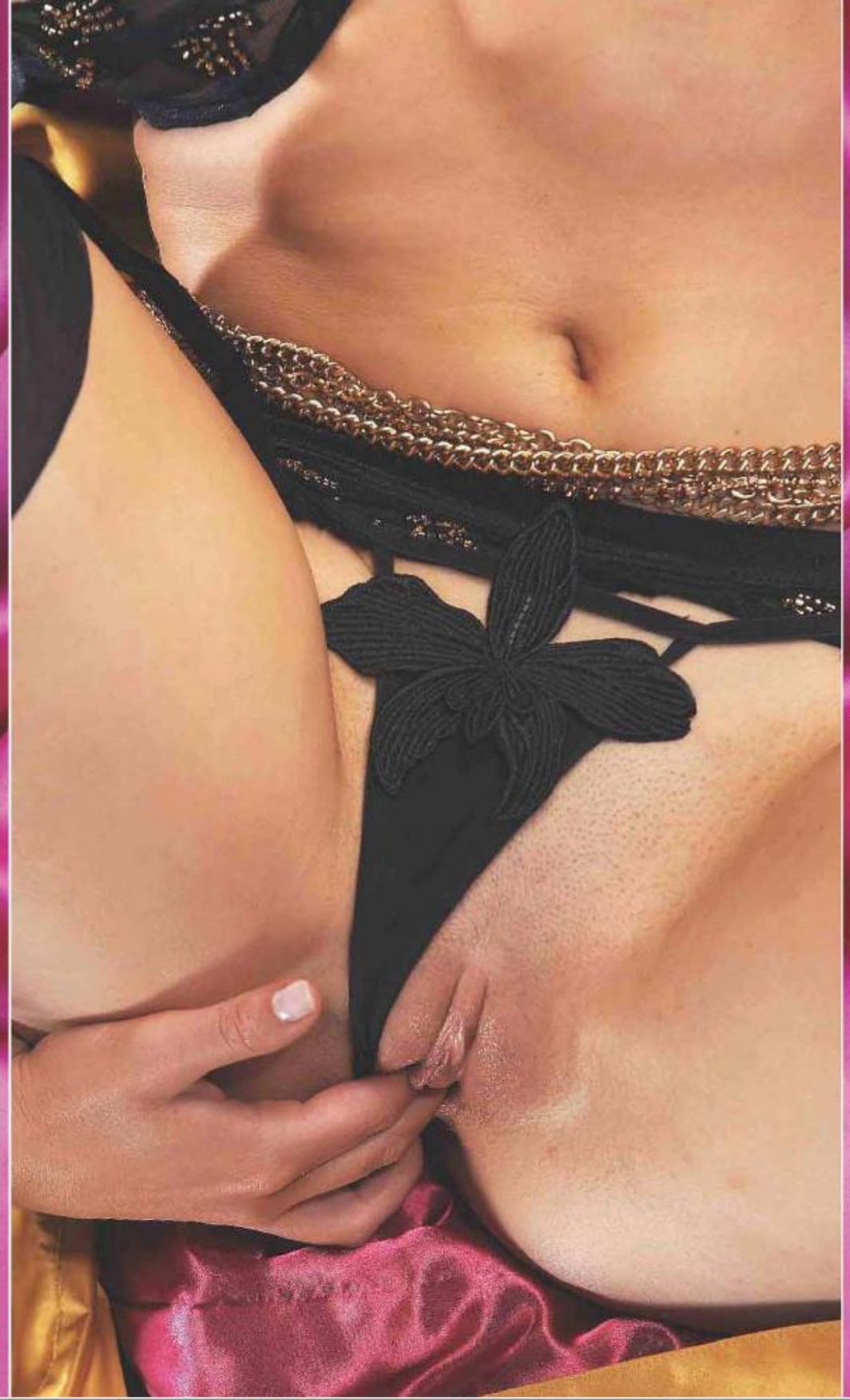

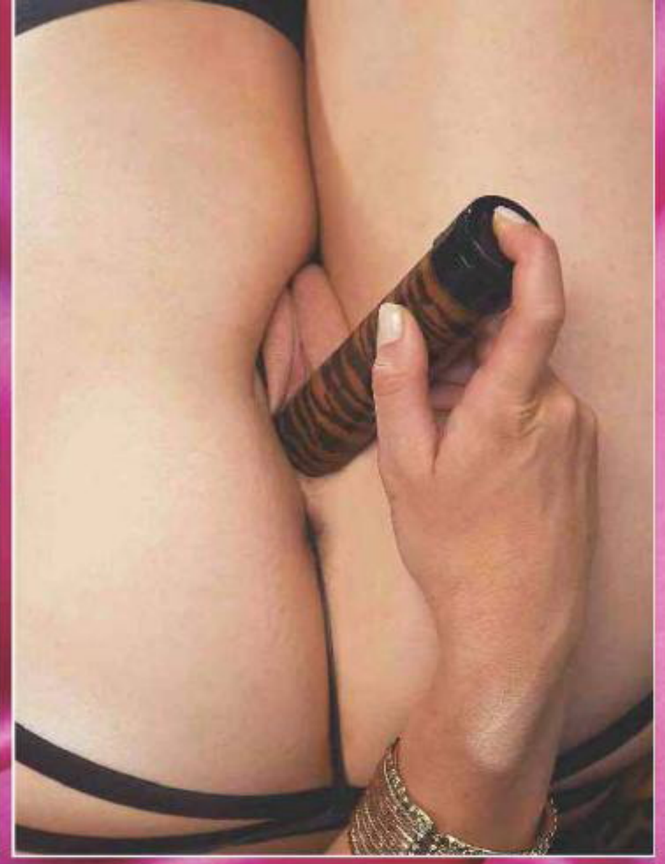

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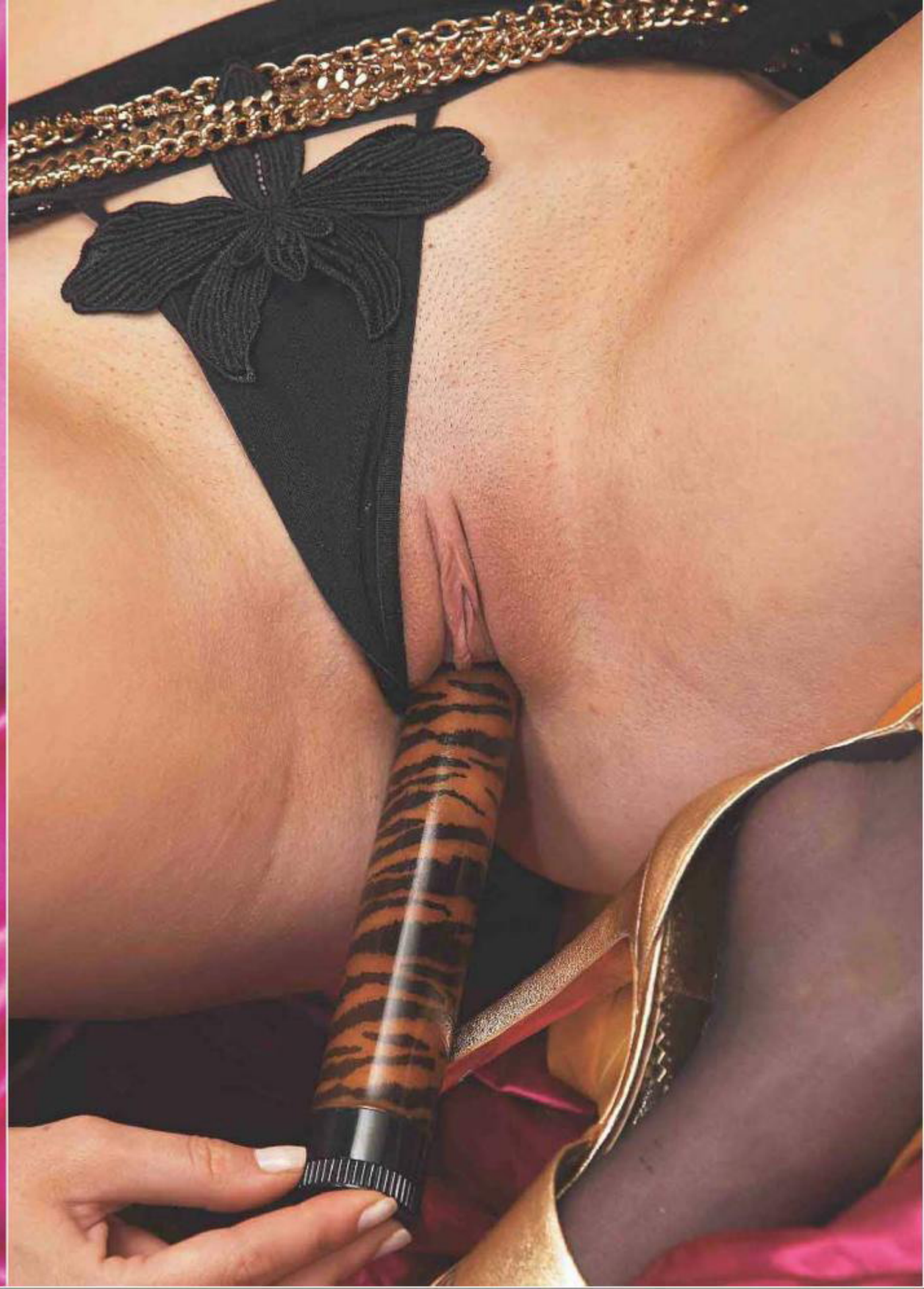

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Mary's Mail Bag

Text by Mary Carey

SEALED WITH A NASTY KISS!

Another month at ***SWANK***, another zillion letters to read, and another day of loving it all! Hey cuties, what's going on! Mary the Carey here, like always! And, I'm naked to boot I might add, which I am most of the time as well! If you didn't already know, when I actually sit down here at the office to read and answer all my ***SWANK*** mail, I prefer to do it nude. It just, well, gets me in the mood for some dirty chatting, I guess! Hee hee! Anyways it's so good that it's that time again, and as if I had to ever remind you, please keep all these cards and letters coming, and cumming! I really enjoy reading them all, and I do—even if I can`t answer them all in each issue! For real! So here are my picks for this month`s most interesting letters from you, to me! I hope you think they are worthy as well, but most importantly I want you to dig my answers, because I do, do my best to give the best responses in the world—Mary Carey-style that is! So pull down your pants, put on your glasses, grab your ***SWANK*** in one hand, and you-know-what in the other, and let's do it!

Fuck And Suck Again!

Okay, Mary, here's the deal about my sex life, okay? I like to fuck and get sucked, and then after I get sucked, I like to get sucked again right away, the second after I shoot my spooge, so that's two sucks and a fuck. I find that girls that I have sex with find this a drag, that is, after I blow a load, they don't like to suck on me again. What's up with that?

Reed S.
Fort Wayne, IN

MARY: *I would say it is probably your timing, Reed. While most girls are down with sucking your cock while it is hard and ready to blow a load, after said sperm is shot, the dick is then limp and full of semen and kind of funny-looking, you know what I am saying? Instead of going from your fuck to your suck, and then back to a suck, why don't you take a break after the first suck, clean that pecker of yours off, give the gal a chance to catch her breath, and then try to work her into a second round of blowing your bonker. Remember, timing is everything, and more than everything is often the case during sex. You can't just look at the situation from your sexual perspective, but you have to appreciate it from hers as well—get it? Good, now go for it and let me know how it works out for you!*

Wants Asian Hotties!

I'm very into Asian porn stars, they really make me squirt. I don't know why but I find them very exotic and sexy. Mary, who would you say is the top Asian porno babe of all time, and about the whole Asian porn scene altogether?

George V.
Canton, OH

MARY: *One of the most popular and steadily selling niche of the overall XXX porno market worldwide is the Asian slice of the hardcore pie. Not just you George, but lots of porn-loving dudes dig the Asian ladies—as do I! But first off you have to separate what we are talking about here into two areas—the first Asian porn stars we are talking about are the relatively few who work out of Los Angeles, usually chicks who are actually born in the US to Asian-parents. Then there are the porn stars who live and fuck in their own countries—like Japan, Thailand, the Philippines, etc. and then the porn they appear in is imported to porn distributors in the US. By name most Asian porn star followers know the likes of Asia Carrera, Mimi Miyagi, China Lee, Tricia Yen and girls like that who live in the USA—the zillion other porn babes from other countries with other names are not well known here, although they videos are sold here. If you just into seeing these kinds of girls, thin, tall, with beautiful long straight hair, the tapes from overseas will do. But if you are into the starthing, well, I would say that a gal like Katsumi, who is actually from France, but fucks in both Los Angeles and Europe is probably the biggest Asian porn name today. A gorgeous hottie with killer looks who loves it up the ass, Katsumi gives the whole Asian porn scene a great name, check her out!*

Eat My Asshole, Please!

Mary, love you, love ***SWANK***, love Ron Jeremy, I love you all. But, a quick question. I like to have my asshole eaten, not by a guy, but by chicks, does that make me weird? I also wear dresses and listen to a lot of Boy George music. Any thoughts?

Oscar W.
Portland, OR

MARY: *Oscar, like every other opening in the human body, the bunghole, if properly attended to, by man or woman, can be utilized sexually. That is just a biological fact, so no need to worry about being weird on that account alone. Whether it is a cock, a finger, a fist or a mouth that comes at your butt, if it is done in the right way, it will turn you on. Now as for the cross-dressing and the music you like, well, perhaps you might want to consider re-defining your sexual identity, just a bit! Not that there's anything wrong with it! Hee hee!*

Hardcore, Softcore, Whatcore?

Mary, this might seem like a stupid question, but with all the porno now all over the Internet, in mags, and even the mainstream media, I keep hearing people talking about "hardcore" and "softcore" and how this porn is this, and that is what. But to me it all looks the same, can you enlighten me. Sorry for being such a moron.

Russell V.
Mojave, CA

MARY: *As they always say Russ, the only stupid question, is the one you are afraid to ask! And I would guess that there are lots and lots of other guys out there in SWANKland that probably aren't too sure they know the answer—so here goes for you and them as well! The term "hardcore" generally refers to any pix or vid that shows actual penetration between sexual partner—cock into cunt, tongue licking dick, fingers into anals, etc. While so-called "softcore" generally does not actually show the point of penetration—but it often looks like it, which might account for the general confusion. For example in a hardcore porn pix or video you will see the long hard prick as it really drives into pussy, while the shot for softcore will show the guy fucking the girl, but at an angle where you don't see the actual entry of the thing into the thing. Doggie-style is perfect for getting a good softcore shot because taken from the front you only see the guy humping back and forth, not the actual fucking. Now why does this matter? Because certain media, like cable TV and mainstream flicks in theaters want to make their movies as hot as possible, but can't show hardcore because they would get shut down. So, if you want hardcore you get it from hardcore sources, like the Internet, like SWANK, like your local porn video store. A lot of people really like softcore because it leaves something so XXX to the imagination. I like both myself! So take your pick, Russ, and jerk off either way!*

Fruit Freak!

Mary, have you ever stuck a banana up your ass? Personally I love bananas, and they are full of vitamins, you know.

Frank M.
Des Moines, IA

MARY: *I love bananas, too, Frank, and all kinds of fruit, but mostly in my mouth, not my ass—sorry to disappoint you!*

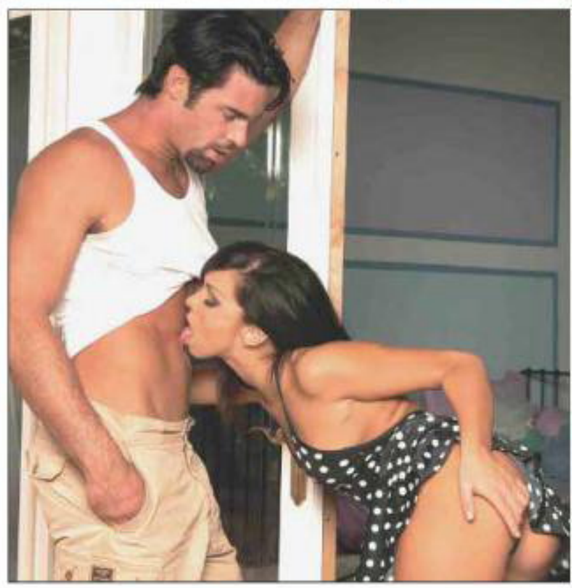
Working With Ron J.?

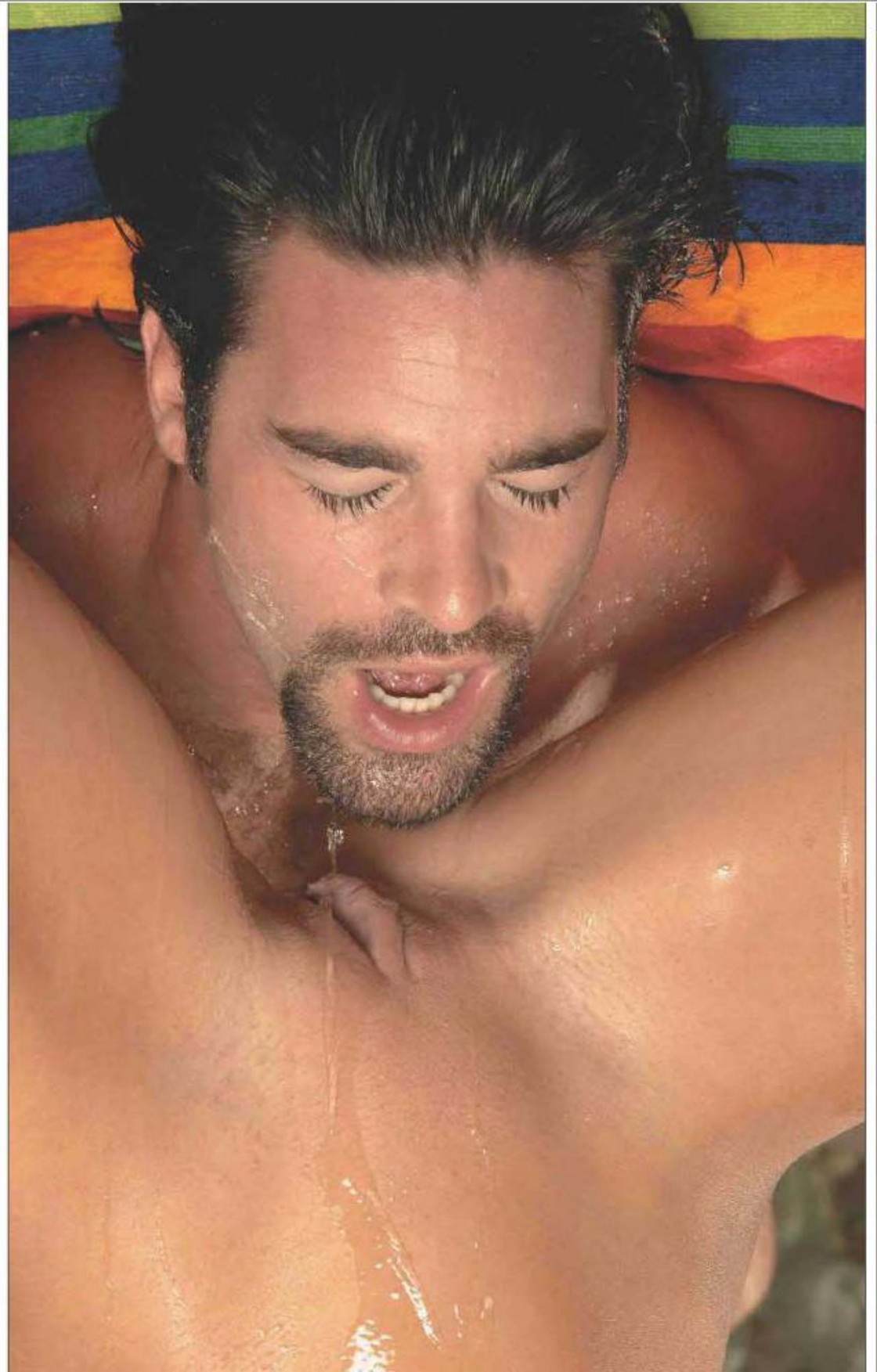
What's it like working with Ron Jeremy day in and day out on ***SWANK***, Mary? It must be strange, two of the most famous porn stars in hardcore history working side-by-side—is there a lot of sexual tension?

Sandy P.
Racine, WI

MARY: *Thanks for the great question, Sandy! And I can honest say that working with Ron Jeremy for more than a year now on SWANK has been a complete and total blast and pleasure! No shit! And to be honest with you, I have to say, and I think Ron might agree, for both of us, at first we were both nervous how it would work out putting SWANK together each month. Let's face it, all stars, including porno stars have egos, and are used to being treated as total celebs, so when you put two of them in one room, who knows what will happen! But like I said, it's worked out just great! Believe it or not Ron and I agree on a lot of things, which girls are the prettiest, which layouts look the hottest, and which articles are the most interesting, we really have a lot in common! And when we don't agree on something, we have a really cool crack staff of professional editors here at SWANK that help us work through the rough spots. I am more the artistic type, while Ron is more practical, but we always seem to come up with the right combination of both for each issue—don't you agree? Meanwhile since Ron wakes up real early in the AM to get into the office, and I am more of an afternoon person, it gives us alone time at the office as well, which is important. Finally, as for sexual tension, well...as you the readers of SWANK know Ron and I have been known, and even photographed fooling around here and there, so if the mood strikes, well, you gotta do what you gotta do—remember, we are into porn because we are both horny you know! But mostly it's work, work, work around here, and then when each issue of SWANK is "put to bed" as they say here in the magazine publishing world—we also both head into whatever bed or beds we feel like!* □

Paulina & Charles





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SWANK FICTION
by Irv O. Neil

Girl In The Wind

What a day I'd just had. I work as a salesman at a big retail store. I'm a floater—they move me around from department to department when they need somebody to fill in. That day they'd stuck me in the men's sweater section and I'd had to deal with some women buying gifts for their husbands. They couldn't make up their minds about anything. It drove me crazy, and by three o'clock all I wanted to do was punch out and go home.

I haven't had a girlfriend for awhile, so I was returning to an empty apartment. Well, empty of a girlfriend, at least; my place is packed with books and movies. It's expensive to entertain a nice looking girlfriend and I don't make all that much money. Plus I'm in my late forties, and hot chicks are harder to come by. I live on the edge of midtown Manhattan in a studio I've had for many years. It's a cheap rental, as far as Manhattan goes. I just do my day job and then go home and enjoy my book and DVD collection. Sometimes I think the books and movies take the place of hot chicks for me.

I wonder if younger guys even use the term "hot chicks" anymore. Don't they just say "hotties" now? Maybe I'm showing my age...

Yes, I was feeling kind of down as I walked toward my home. It was dark and windy, and street was crowded with people hurrying to the Broadway theaters. There were buses and cars and bicycles to dodge when crossing each street. Finally I was at the corner across from the building where I live, waiting for the light to change. I looked to my right and there was a tall blonde hugging herself around her own arms like she was really cold. She was maybe six-one or six-two. What a face, like a model, maybe of Scandinavian blood. Ordinarily, chicks who look like this don't give me a second glance, but our eyes met and locked for a moment. She smiled. I looked away as if to see if there were cars coming, but more because I got nervous and couldn't believe how good-looking she was, and that she'd smiled right at me. I looked back at her. She'd been looking away too, but then she glanced back in my direction and our eyes met again. It was damn chilly in the wind, and she was hugging her short black sweater as if that would make a difference. She wore tight and faded blue jeans and white sneakers. She would really have been gigantic in heels. I can't usually just talk to strange gals, I'm inhibited that way, but because of her smile I suddenly said, "You look like you need a cup of coffee!" I expected her to blow me off.

"Are you offering?" She wasn't Scandinavian, at least not by her voice.

"Well, yeah! There's a diner right there."

"Okay!" Just like that.

We walked into the brightly lit restaurant. It's located right in my building, and I take out hamburgers and coffee and breakfast from there all the time. I don't eat in the actual restaurant, though; that way I'd run into some of my fellow tenants and maybe have to eat meals with them, and I'd prefer not to. I'm a loner that way. If I became friendly with the other tenants, then they might want to come to my apartment, and if they did, they'd see I live in a crazy clutter of books and tapes and DVDs and magazines and they'd think I was a nut job. I'm not—at least, I don't think I am—but if they'd see my apartment, they might think so.

"Would you like to sit at a table, or the counter?" I asked the blonde. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see the cute Asian hostess staring with disbelief that I was actually going to consume something in the diner itself, let alone with this attractive girl at my side.

"Will they let us have a table just for coffee?" the blonde said.

"We could have something to eat, too."

"I'm not hungry, just cold! Let's take out the coffee. Do you live nearby?"

Whoa! I thought to myself. This is moving too fast. What's wrong with this picture? This chick is about twenty-five, I'm forty-seven, and she's known me for all of ten sentences and she's suggesting she come up to my place.

"I actually live in this building," I said, as if incapable of lying to her. It's funny how sometimes when people ask me a blunt question, I can't think of answering with anything but the truth. "But, um—"

"You don't look married," she said.

"I'm not, but—"

"I tell you what. I'll spring for the coffee, if you spring for the place to drink it."

"Sure."

"How do you like your coffee?"

"Light with cream, one sugar."

She went over to the take-out counter, with me behind her, and ordered for both of us. The waiter's look of surprise was added to that of the hostess, as he filled the order. Not only had he never seen me eat in the diner, but he'd never seen me accompanied by a beautiful babe, period.

"So why are you walking around in that flimsy sweater?" I said, as we waited for the java.

She paused, then said, "I had a fight with my roommate. I couldn't pay the rent for the third time in three months, and she locked me out. So I just started walking."

"Don't you have a key?"

"I left my keys in my purse. You see, I don't even have that with me." She held out her slender, nicely manicured hands. They had a French manicure, with those little white tips. I find that very sexy.

"What's your name? Mine's—"

"No, no names," she said. "Just coffee."

Five minutes later, the doorman of my building was just as astonished by my guest as the hostess and busboy in the diner had been. I hadn't had a visitor to my messy apartment in a long, long time, much less a female. Only the handymen came up to my studio when something had to be fixed. Understandably, I always preferred to go to other people's homes for socializing.

I guess you might say I'm ashamed of living in clutter, but years of accumulating stuff just caught up with me. I'm always busy scrambling to make a buck, and when I'm not working, I just want to take it easy and read my books and watch my movies...not organize them!

Maybe I am a nutjob...

Me and the nameless blonde stood in the hallway outside my apartment. "Now, I've gotta tell you, it's really messy, so don't say I didn't warn you. That's why I hesitated to bring you up here, on top of the fact that I don't even know your name." So why was I bringing her up here? I'd known more than a few edgy girls in my life—no, make that psycho girls—and that's why in middle-age I kept a low profile. If I wanted fun, I went to a stripclub or a massage parlor. No chains attached, see?

Still, this beautiful girl, standing there in the wind and almost shaking from the chill, had smiled so nice and friendly at me, so...

"Home sweet hovel," I said, opening the door and flipping the switch which turned on a couple of lights.

As I said, she was tall, but being tall in the middle of my stacks of books and magazines made her seem even taller. She was slender and had that lanky look you see in fashion magazines of gals who live out West or hang out with cowboys or ride mechanical bulls. Her blonde hair came down to her shoulders and flowed gently with the movements of her head.

"Where do you sleep?" she asked, moving deeper into the studio amid the leaning towers of mags and DVDs.

"On that futon couch near the window. I throw a sheet and blanket over it."

"Do you open it to sleep?"

"Nah, I'm used to just the couch."

"You really like to rough it."

"Hey, I know this is not exactly a space-age bachelor pad—"

She plopped herself down on the futon. I knew the cushion was a bit threadbare, but fortunately she sat down in the place that had not been as deeply indented by years of my ass sitting there reading and watching movies.

"You keep your tv right in the middle of the room, I see," she said, taking her coffee out of the crinkly white paper bag.

"My entertainment center is central." I hung up my coat in the closet and came back.

"I have your cup," she said.

"I just want to go the bathroom for a second."

I didn't really have to go, but just needed to be alone for a few minutes. I undid my zipper, fiddled with the toilet seat, and flushed, just to maintain the illusion. I thought if she wanted to steal from me, here was her perfect opportunity. Just get it over with, baby, and scram—and then at least I could enjoy a free cup of coffee.

But when I came out she was still on the futon couch, drinking her coffee out of the little hole you punch in the lid. She'd put my coffee down on the small table next to the couch.

I sat down on my usual place on the futon, on the right side near the reading lamp. She really was something to look at, about three feet away. There was a devilishness in her eyes. I'd seen it momentarily on the street

corner, too. She could have been a model, all right. Her expressions could tell little stories just with the opening and closing of her eyelids. Or maybe I'm just overly imaginative.

"So why can't I know your name?"

"Names are overrated."

"Well, I do know something about you. You must be a very tolerant person, not to be totally horrified by the clutter of my living space."

"Or maybe I'm a good actress."

"Is that what you are?"

"Um, yes. It hasn't been easy. That's why I couldn't pay my rent these last three months. My roommate is not actress, and she doesn't understand."

Miss No-Name had opened the buttons of her black sweater, and I could see that she had a white blouse under there. Her breasts were small but stood out because the blouse was tight. The top three blouse buttons were undone too, and I could see she wasn't wearing a bra.

"Don't you have any friends you could stay with? Not that I'm suggesting you hurry off before, um, finishing your coffee."

"Sure I have friends. But I was in a mood, a bad mood. I wanted to walk. I walked a lot of blocks. You're the first person who spoke to me."

That wasn't hard to believe. Beautiful women in Manhattan have the talent to put up a force field around themselves that can freeze out all comers. Maybe she'd done that. As it was, I didn't expect her to reply to me down there on the street. And the fact that she did had caught my lonesome ass so off-guard that I let her up in my apartment within five minutes of meeting her.

"And what do you do?" she asked.

"I'll tell you my name first."

"I don't need your name either, just your profession."

"Retail sales down on 34th Street."

"That sounds dull."

"I make up for it by reading good books and watching great movies." Like a baron showing off his estate, I grandly gestured towards my empire of clutter.

She looked around the shadowy cave-like interior. "So are you going to show me a movie while we drink our coffee?"

"If you want. What kinds do you like?"

"Surprise me. But no slasher films."

"Don't worry, I hate that stuff myself."

I went into the kitchen, where I had my most recent DVD purchases. This was really a tough choice. I had a lot of old classics and vintage tv shows, and very few recent flicks. Since she was an actress, I figured she would appreciate and probably know a little something about the actors of the past, so I narrowed the choice down to a Betty Grable Technicolor musical or a brooding black-and-white mystery with Linda Darnell and Dana Andrews. Both were from the 1940s. "Musical or mystery?" I called out.

"Oh, mystery, always," she said.

I came back to the couch with Fallen Angel, a film noir. As I put the disc in the DVD player, Miss No-Name looked at the box. "I've heard of this," she said, as the movie started.

The flick is one of my favorites, but I couldn't relax and get into it. She moved closer to get a better vantage point of the screen, and told me to turn off the reading lamp so it would be more "movie-theater-like" in the apartment, but when I did that all I could think of was this really attractive blonde sitting next to me. She was drinking coffee but I wanted to ply her with liquor and take her clothes off. I wanted to ply myself with liquor and take my own clothes off! I couldn't concentrate worth a damn.

It's amazing how long cups of coffee will stay warm. Ours took us all the way through the first half of the movie. Midway through it, after some sexy scenes between sultry Darnell and tough guy Andrews, my guest suddenly leaned her head against my shoulder and said, "Thanks for the coffee and movie. For the company when I needed it."

"Not at all."

"Maybe there's something I can do for you."

I must have been feeling noble—or crazy, because I said, "That's not necessary."

"Maybe it's necessary to me," she said. "Maybe I'm still chilly from the wind. Maybe I need something else to make me feel warmer."

I turned slightly and expected her to raise up her face from my shoulder for a kiss, just like they do in those old movies, but she kept her head down and instead put her hand, with its gorgeous French manicure, on the front of my pants. They were the black wool slacks I have to wear to my job.

I looked down and she was staring at her hand as it moved over my crotch area. It didn't take me long to get hard, but of course I was still completely clothed.

"Does it feel unnecessary now?" she asked.

She was wearing some kind of flowery scent, not heavy but just enough to make

the atmosphere even more sensual. I reached over and touched one of her breasts through her blouse. She didn't seem to mind, but she didn't move out of her position for rubbing my crotch, either. Finally I just gave in and relaxed. It was awkward to curl my arm around to feel her tits, so I just fell back against the couch, caressed her back, and let her rub me while the movie continued on the tv in front of us.

"Isn't there anything else you might feel is necessary?" I asked, trying in a roundabout way to see if we could also do more.

"This is as necessary as it gets tonight," she said, and only a fool would have argued.

She rubbed me for a good long time. Doing it through my pants was exciting in a stealthy way, and also prolonged the pleasure. Hell, I'm not a kid anymore, so I had control anyway—to a point. I started to cum just about the time that the movie's mystery was being solved. I closed my eyes but the brightness of the screen flickered through them. She clamped her hand hard on my cock through my slacks as I shot off into my shorts.

"Gratitude is a holy thing," she said, finally straightening up again and looking at me with that devilish expression I'd glimpsed momentarily. "I do appreciate your help tonight."

"If I ever can do anything else for you—"

"You can take me to the bus station now."

"The bus station?"

"The Port Authority on 40th Street."

"But don't you want to watch the rest—?"

"Hey, I haven't been able to follow it the last half hour anymore than you have."

I turned on the lamp and shut off the DVD player. I looked at Miss No-Name. What was coming next? Where was she headed? "Let me at least give you a jacket," I said. "You were freezing out there."

"Just get me another cup of coffee downstairs," she said. "That'll be enough."

"No, I insist, I'll give you an old jacket—"

"Just the coffee. You'd expect me to return a jacket."

"No, no—"

She gave me that devilish look again. I said nothing. She was right. I would have hoped the jacket would bring her back.

I went into the bathroom to clean myself up. At first I thought that I should have been ashamed of myself for not trying to fuck her, since she was obviously—well, what was she obviously? I had no idea. She was an actress who'd gotten thrown out of her apartment because she didn't pay her half of the rent. And I gave her a warm place to sit and a cock to rub. That was most of what I knew about Miss No-Name, other than the fact that she was beautiful.

When we got downstairs, the throngs had disappeared into the theaters, so it wasn't as hectic on the streets. We went back into the diner and this time I sprang for the coffee. She didn't seem cold now, even though the wind was still blowing outside. Maybe exercising her hand had warmed her up, along with the coffee. Still, I insisted we take a cab to the bus terminal so she wouldn't catch another chill. She gave in.

"All right, we're here," I said. "What next?" We got out of the cab on Eighth Avenue in the full flow of the sleazy characters who hang out at the terminal. A few feet away was the statue of Ralph Kramden, a tribute to the bus driver played by Jackie Gleason on The Honeymooners. A bum was sitting on the base of the statue, cleaning his feet.

"This is it," said Miss No-Name. "I have a ticket to go back home."

"I thought you lived downtown and got thrown out of your apartment—"

"Sometimes you have to make up a story to get away from yourself," she said. "I don't live in the city. I'm not an actress. I live quite far from here. I just needed to get away from my home and think—"

"Home? With a husband? Children?"

"No more info."

"At least tell me your name!"

"No. Unless you want me to make one up?"

I shook my head. She bent down to kiss me on the cheek. I'd almost forgotten she was so tall, had a good four inches on me. "Thanks again for the company," she said.

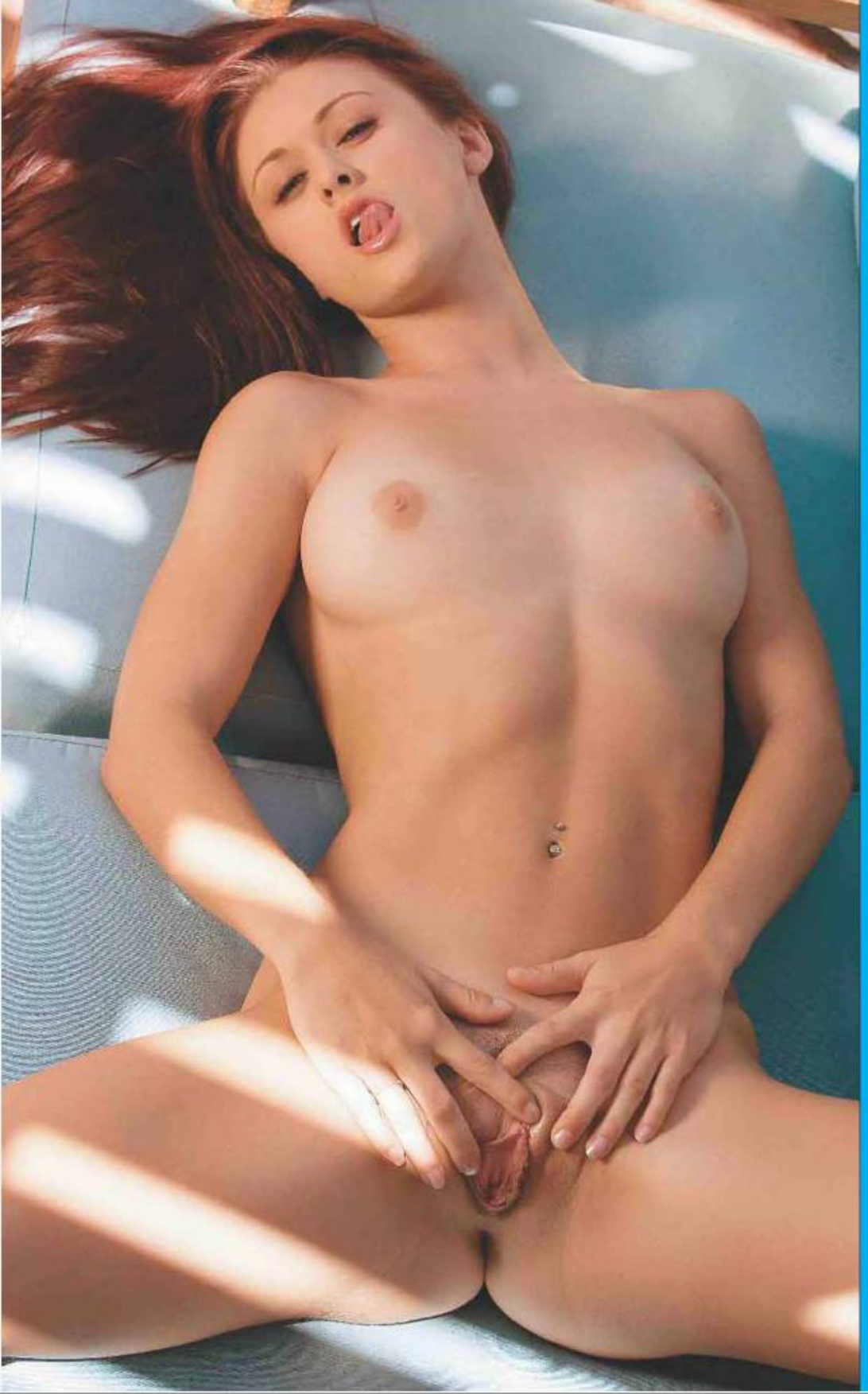
I watched her hurry away into the station, her fine trim butt in those faded tight jeans.

I could have run after her, but I didn't. Maybe I felt more like spending the rest of my life wondering who she really was, and why she picked me to pass the time with. Or I could just take her at her word, that she was a small town gal who needed to get away from herself for a few hours, and that she had to dream up a story to make it easier.

I think I'd had a feeling all along that none of her story was real. And maybe I even liked it that way...

Still, if she ever needs to take a break again, she hope she remembers where I live. □

Charlie



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THOSE WERE THE LAYS

'Going Down To Get Back Up'

By William Margold

By early 1976, although I still had a couple of arrests for performing hardcore that needed to be adjudicated hanging over my head, I was growing very restless.

I had tried to stay out of any high profile explicit adult productions wherein my sexual activities would magnify my contempt for the law, and therefore spent an awful lot of time participating in such off-beat (rather than beat-off) projects as wrestling loops in which I would be bested by assorted scantily clad "Glamazons" or numerous spanking projects that placed me in servile positions invariably resulting in my bottom being battered to various stages of raw hamburger. And I even participated in being subjected to being "enema-nized" (faked, for the most part) by a couple of revenge-minded ladies.

Bill Margold

Thankfully, because the nude theatrical talent offices of Reb: Sunset International were located right above the photography studios of a happy hardcore shooter named Sam at 6912 Hollywood Blvd.–I was at least to play stunt dick whenever the need arose (because of a lack of same), and it was during one of my "get up, get in, get out and get off" adventures that I met and "meated" a delightful actress named Christine DeSchaffer.

Margold & DeSchaffer

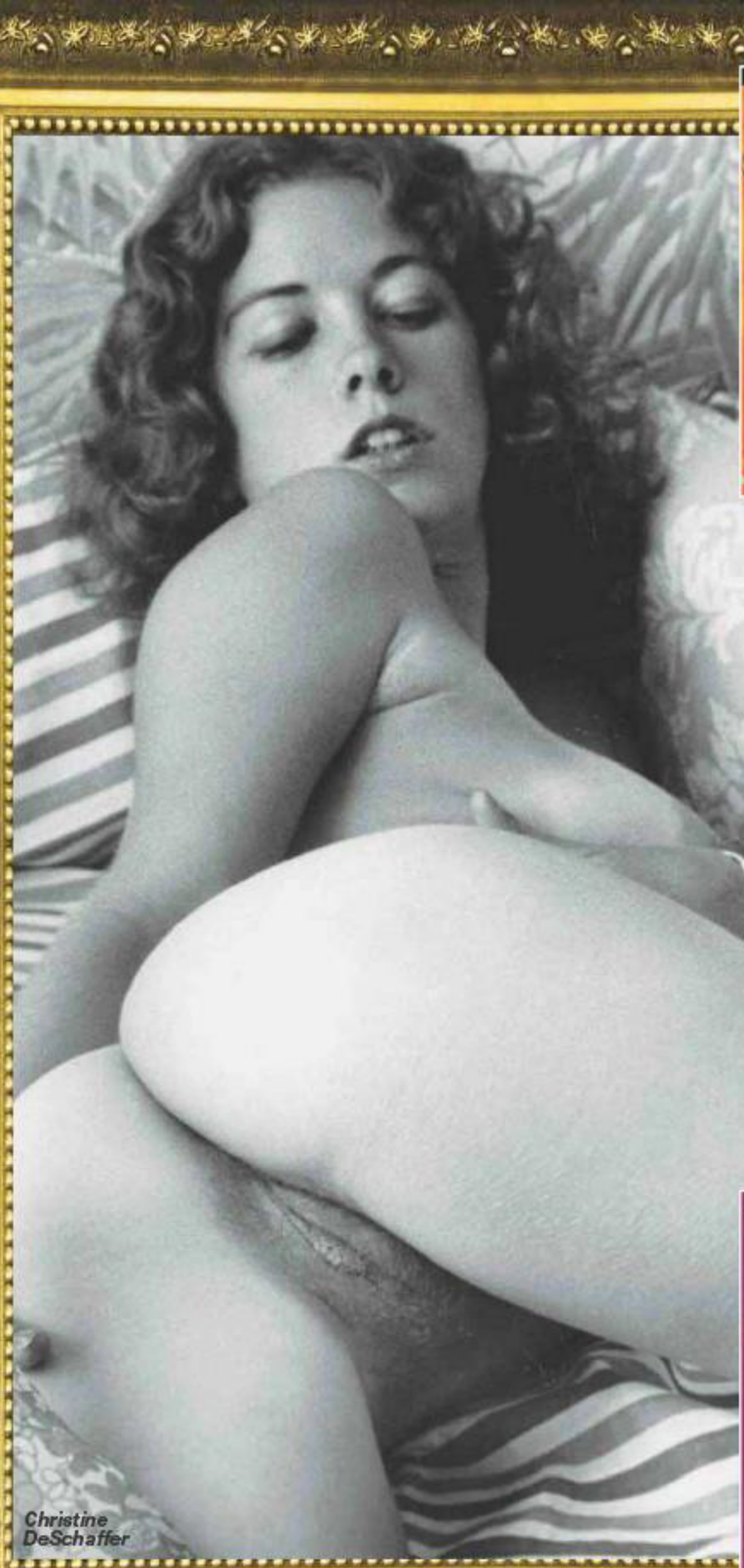
It was pretty late on a Friday afternoon in February 1976, and I was preparing for a weekend of playing touch football and going to movies, when I got the familiar call from Sam–his voice raspy from way too many cigarettes and slurred from even more beer–that I, or at least a part of me, was needed downstairs. Always at the ready, I locked up and lumbered down the dark stairway, and into Sam's studio that could be smelled all the way down the long, gloomy hall because of its resident menagerie of cats and dogs. In one corner of Sam's studio sat a fellow futilely trying to make his dick work. In another corner was Sam, whose ability to consume beer while keeping a cigarette in his mouth and carry-on a conversation all at the same time, always amazed me. And casually languishing in a very accessible doggie-style position on the rumpled bed was a lovely lady who peeked back at me and smiled, although I must admit that I was riveted to the fur-lined sideways grin between her very inviting thighs. My tennis shoes, socks, jeans, shorts, and shirt were off in flash. "Need anything?" the grinning brunette said, as her eyes noticed that I had already worked myself up to a state of utilitarian value.

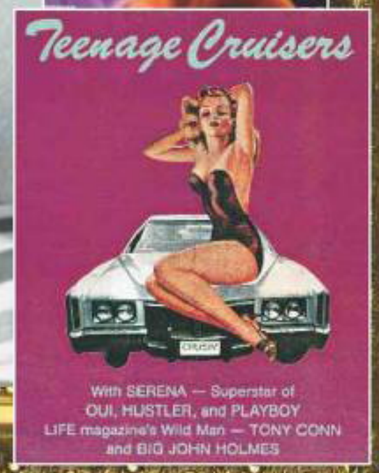
"This is Chris," Sam mumbled, "I need a pop shot on her ass," he continued, now managing to juggle drinking, smoking and adjusting his still camera all at the same time. "Let me know when you are ready," he belched loudly. I locked into Chris' devilish eyes and proclaimed, "I was born ready." Chris laughed and wiggled her tempting target at me. I knew what had to be shown and how much of me couldn't be shown. Angling the action for Sam's camera, I was in her to the hilt with very little resistance, and enjoyed about six seconds of truly remarkable warmth, before I pulled out and pumped my appreciation all over her squirming backside. Then I stepped back to watch my molten homage find its way instinctively down between her butt cheeks over her pouting asshole and soak into her sexual center. It was carnal choreography at its best. Sam burped out some semblance of thanks as I dressed and exited.

A few minutes later Chris, wearing the outfit that was born in, ambled into my office and purred, "We aren't done yet." And what ensued would last for many years of not only physical pleasure, almost always spontaneous, but was also the birth of a genuine friendship that continued until 1981 when she went to San Francisco to dance and vanished from X-rated sight. Many late evenings undulated into early mornings on the huge bed in the studio set of Sunset International's offices writhing to the cacophony of drumbeats that emanated from The Seven Seas (a Polynesian-themed night spot) two stories below.

Serena

And when lured into lusting in front of the camera a few months later in 1976 by Johnny Legend for a wacky project that craftily and cannily combined Rockabilly music with a few classic porn loops (including one of featuring John C. Holmes as Moby in a pool setting) plus some new X-rated footage (in which I was featured) called "Teenage Cruisers: Young, Hot 'n' Nasty"–my partner of choice was Chris, who stole the show as Babsy


Christine DeSchaffer


Teenage Cruisers
With SERENA — Superstar of OUI, HUSTLER, and PLAYBOY
LIFE magazine's Wild Man — TONY CONN
and BIG JOHN HOLMES

Beaudine–an escapee from a mental institution who kidnaps me (cast as Professor Flinch) and makes me make her happy, more than once.

Chris was also immediately worked into performing in a couple of softcore Australian commissioned productions that I not only helped cast through Sunset International–with such stars as Rene Bond, Uschi Digart, Serena, and Rick Cassidy–but also appeared in: "Fantasm" (1976) and "Fantasm Comes Again" (1977).

And in both films–"The King" (Holmes) was placed in a pool setting. In "Fantasm" the pool was heated, and the filmmakers happily got exactly what they wanted, and more, as John found his co-star, the exotic looking Mara Lutra, very much to his liking, and licking.

But in "Fantasm Comes Again"–John's poolside manner was derailed by a frosty situation–and the rest of that story will be delineated later on in this piece.

My performance in "Fantasm" was as player at a strip poker party, and I wound up in the clutches of a lusty lady named Maria Arnold who completely overwhelmed me and quickly made sure that while the production was softcore in nature, that when she noticed my natural interest in her, that neither one of us would leave the set that evening frustrated.

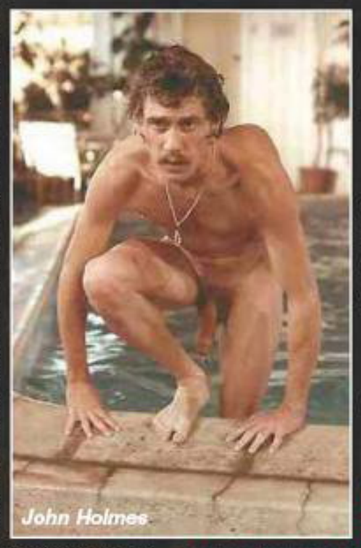
In January 1977, the Australian film company called upon Sunset International to cast the sequel to "Fantasm." And once more I was also going to be part of a party scene. And once more, John C. Holmes was going to do his scene in a pool, this time as a lifeguard attending to two beautiful actresses.

"The King" showed up at my office a few days earlier to get directions to the location somewhere deep in the western extremities of the San Fernando Valley, and I paid him in advance ($250) from my own pocket, because I felt that it would make things easier. While he was in my office, he noticed a shot that I had rendered from a frame of film of Warren Oates manning a machine gun from Sam Peckinpah's 1969 violently glorious masterpiece "The Wild Bunch." His admiration of the image prompted me to take the shot down and give it to him. He expressed his gratitude and departed.

I was caught completely off guard when on the Friday that Holmes was supposed to be in the swim of things, one of the filmmakers called panic-stricken by the fact that John was refusing to go into the pool because it hadn't been heated. I asked to speak to "The King" and heard him plaintively wail "I can't go in that pool, Bill, it isn't heated, and I'll catch pneumonia." I envisioned him on the other end of the line shivering pathetically, while quickly realizing what very cold water would do to the most important part of the John C. Holmes "legend." I asked to talk to the producer, and calmed the fellow down by suggesting that he shoot some footage of John parading about on the pool deck, and that I would come to the location the next day and pick up where "The King" left off. And before the producer could press me further as to what I was planning, I asked to speak with John. Holmes' sigh of relief made me feel like I had just done my good deed for the day.

Mara Lutra with John Holmes

Mary Gavin



John Holmes

That particular Saturday dawned unnaturally cold, even for a January in Southern California. And before I could go to the location I was obligated to play in a touch football league game on a wind-chilled field at 9 a.m. As the center for my team, I would sometimes wind-up being a sitting duck for a blocker who was trying to assist a teammate during the runback of an interception. And so it was that an opposing player came hurtling toward me with his forearm aimed right at my head. Determined to get in his way, I stood my ground while quickly realizing that I was either going to get a busted jaw or a broken collarbone for my efforts. At the very last second however, I twisted about to the extent that I took his full blow on my neck, and in the process caused him to fall down on top of me and also caused his teammate (with the ball) to tumble on top of both of us. I immediately lost all feeling in my body, and I began to see little lights flashing. Dazed and confused, I struggled through the rest of the game, and then somehow drove to the location.

Hearing myself speak to the director in a voice that sounded like I was trapped inside of big tin can, I asked him if he had shot Holmes by the pool, while I was climbing into a ridiculously small pair of bathing trunks. I then told him to film the two girls in the pool saying, "Look at that lifeguard," while gesticulating toward the area where Holmes had been preening the day before. Then the girls were to notice me and say, "But that one looks better." And within a matter of minutes, I was in the water, which because I was totally numb, I couldn't feel it apparent coldness. And for the next hour or so, I played my part as well as I could while the ladies tried to make sure that my every need was met. Thankfully, because the shoot was softcore, I didn't have to rise to the moment in hand, mouth, or elsewhere, but that didn't seem to matter to the very friendly females who frolicked about–and fondled me–until the director yelled, "cut."

For the rest of that day, I was deaf. And ever since that day my sense of balance has been a disaster.

A few days later I received a note from "The King" with a $250 money order in it. The almost completely unpunctuated note read: "Dear Bill Again I thank you for the foto, and am very sorry about the shooting All my best always Live long & prosper John". The note and his business card are among my most treasured items.

By the way, by getting a haircut and by shaving off my mustache, I was also able to appear in the party scene that I had been originally cast for later on during the shoot.

Indeed "Those Were The" ways that I got to maximize a few of my "Lays". □

William Margold's actions and activities have spanned the entire timeline of the modern adult hardcore entertainment industry (1972-present), and along the way, he has founded a number of organizations including The Fans of X-Rated Entertainment (www.foxe.com) and Protecting Adult Welfare (www.pawfoundation.org). For his latest insights about XXX, and other related matters of the heart, the mind, and the soul, visit www.billmargold.com.

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XXX Reality Check

Male Porn Stud Scoop!

"Who Are The Top Adult Guy Porn Actors Around, Aside From Me? Let Me See!"

Calling all SWANKers! Calling all SWANKers! Yeah, I'm talking about you! Because if you are reading this, that means you are reading the brand new edition of SWANK, which means you are not only a SWANKer, but probably a "wanker" as well—so congratulations! Ron Jeremy here of course, live and in-person cumming to your from SWANK's world headquarters in the great US of A. And man, what a great new issue of SWANK we put together for you this month! If I do say so myself! When they put me and Mary Carey together to run the mag, there's no question the owners of SWANK knew what they were doing—and we sure are doing it! But don't take my word for you, read it through and drop me a letter or postcard and let me know if you are as impressed with me as I am with myself! Ha! Anyways, let me put my dick where my mouth is (so-to-speak!) and get down to this month's column, where actually, I am going to talk about cocks—sort of! That's right, I thought it was about time I gave some space—a few inches if you'd like—to talk a little about the porn stars very few XXX fans talk about—the guys. The male swordsmen, like myself, that fuck on-screen to make the X-rated world possible.

A strange topic you might ask? Not really. Because without us, what porn would there really be? I mean sure, you watch the X-raters to see all the hot pussy, but if you didn't have us dudes around to fuck them and eat them out and stuff, all you would have is a few girl-girl movies and a handful of solo girl masturbation tapes. Really! So let me talk about the cocksmen who make it all possible, and who, in my opinion, are some of the best around—aside from me of course!

First off there are basically two kinds of male porn stars—the group of really good-looking, well-built young studs who look like male models (I of course am in that group!). They fuck the hottest and prettiest girls in the X-biz and are always in-demand to appear in higher-end more expensive productions—they are the porn stud elites. That would be guys like Evan Stone, Lee Stone, Mark Davis and a bunch of others—guys who also can get it up and off on cue. And the second kind of male porn performer are all the other guys, which is most of them, hundreds of them at this point in time, that will practically do anything to any chick at any time, and they come in all sizes and shapes and colors—and sexual abilities. It is this second group of guys that make porn happen, and without them, there would be no X-stuff in the variety and amounts we have today, simple as that. They are the unsung swordsman, and without them, there would no porno as we know it.

22997

Now, before I make any more jokes about myself, let me just be serious for a moment—and not more much more!—how I really fit in to the above erotic equation. When I got started off in X-circles I yours truly was a little younger, and lighter than I am now, and I was part of that elite group for real—just take a look at some of my earlier roles. Of course, back then, decades ago, there weren't that many of us anyway, so we were all considered elites! Since then though as porno opportunities expanded for all of us, from hundreds of new X-vids a year, to now thousands—along with my waistline I might add, I became happy to appear in lower budget adult productions as well—so long as the girl and a free lunch was there, so was I! And then when my carnal career took off in a very unique direction, and I became more of a porn "character," than just a cock with two legs attached, I really became part of neither group anymore. Get it? So there are the elites, the unsung swordsmen, and then, just little old me in a category of my very own! That said, now back to your regularly-scheduled column!

So anyways, between the smaller group of porn stud elites, and the much larger group of porno studs in general, literally tens of thousands of porn babes a year get fucked, suck cock and get done to them all that has to be done by us studs to get the X-job done. And, it is, of course, quite a job. Spending up to 20 hours a day on a crowded hot noisy set, often in uncom-

Text By Ron Jeremy • Photos by Marc Medoff/Adult Press

fortable circumstances, being told to hurry up and wait as you stand by for your time to fuck—and then suddenly, you have to get it up, fuck and shoot your load when the director calls for it! Not easy! and guess what, the girl that is getting banged is not always the most beautiful, or the most pleasant (girls perform with headaches, PMS and all that stuff that usually stops them from fucking in real life—but in XXX, the show must go on!). So we studs have to fuck, and if we don't rise to the occasion, you can easily get fired on spot, with a so-called "stunt-cock"—a guy who happens to be on set who can get it up, called in to finish the job. And if that happens enough times to you, well, you better figure out some other way to make a living other than with your penis, because very few porn producers or directors want a porn stud who can't do their job.

So who are some of the best I've known in my time in X? In the top-end listings there are a number that come to mind other than the ones I already mentioned. TT Boy for example is legendary. This guy I don't think has ever had a problem getting it up in the over 18 years and maybe 2,000 fuck flicks later. TT is like a human jackhammer, he just plugs himself in, and fucks! The late great Jon Dough was another good one, before his untimely passing last year (may his dick rest in piece), he had put in non-stop fantastic performances, around 1,200 in 12 years. And the last I would like to mention is Kurt Lockwood, who has really proven himself in just five years in the jizz biz with some 500 flawless hardcore outings. There are a number of more of these guys I could cite, but you get the picture, good looking, and good performing and they are cunt-sidered the best of the best.

Now for the rest! You want names? There are a zillion of the so-called "no-namers" that fuck day-in and day-out, often screwing the girls that others won't, for amounts of money too small for many of their porno peers, but they do it, regardless! Yes, their names do appear on the boxcovers and credits of the sex vids you buy and rent, but usually they mean nothing to you, you just care about the

'Fat, skinny, old and young, Dick is there to do his thing!'

girls. But those guys, those cocks, make it all happen, and when you stop to think about it, you know it's true! So you have to love them! My favorite three of all time? First would have to be Brian Surewood with 1,100 tapes in 11 years, this guy looks like a motorcycle thug from hell, but the dude has a heart of gold, and all the girls love to work with him because he is so nice, and fucks so well. Brian has like never had a wood problem on-set, he fucks in several porn scenes a week, you have probably seen him in an X'er a zillion times or more. Brian rules. Another under-appreciated cocksman would have to be Dave Hardman—something like 2,300 porners in some 15 years—this guy has fucked in more movies and with more chicks than even me! But nice guy Dave is just a regular-looking dude, a dick-for-rent, and he does whatever is asked of him, and never complains—Dave represents all of the male talent out there that gets un-recognized for their on-camera carnalings, really. And finally I have to say something about that British bloke, Dick Nasty, who after more than 1,600 porno appearances in almost 18 years, is a "slightly" older guy like me, who screws like a 20 year-old, and takes them all on, fat, skinny, old and young, Dick is there to do his thing—producers and directors never hesitate to give Dick a call, when they need a Dick that is!

So there's a little info for you, a few dropped names, and hopefully I've given you SWANKaids out there something to think about for a minute other than cunt, tits and ass! Not that you should be spending all your beating-off hours thinking about the porn guys! Not that there's anything wrong with it! But I think it is just right now and then to stop and think about all the porno men out there who fuck all those women so you can watch them get fucked in the first place—if you know what I mean! We have a "hard" job, no pun intended, and no one should forget that. Okay! So that is that this month! Loved chatting with you, now back to the SWANK grindstone, because believe or not, w while you are still digging this month's SWANK, me and Mary have to start on the next one! Yikes! See you later! □

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Our exclusive advanced formula for men with a form of HYPOSPADIAS or small penis since they were young. Size now is less than 6 inches and need a guarantee of accelerated enlargement to reach a much larger size. Can also be used by men larger than 6 inches and need guaranteed maximum enlargemment.

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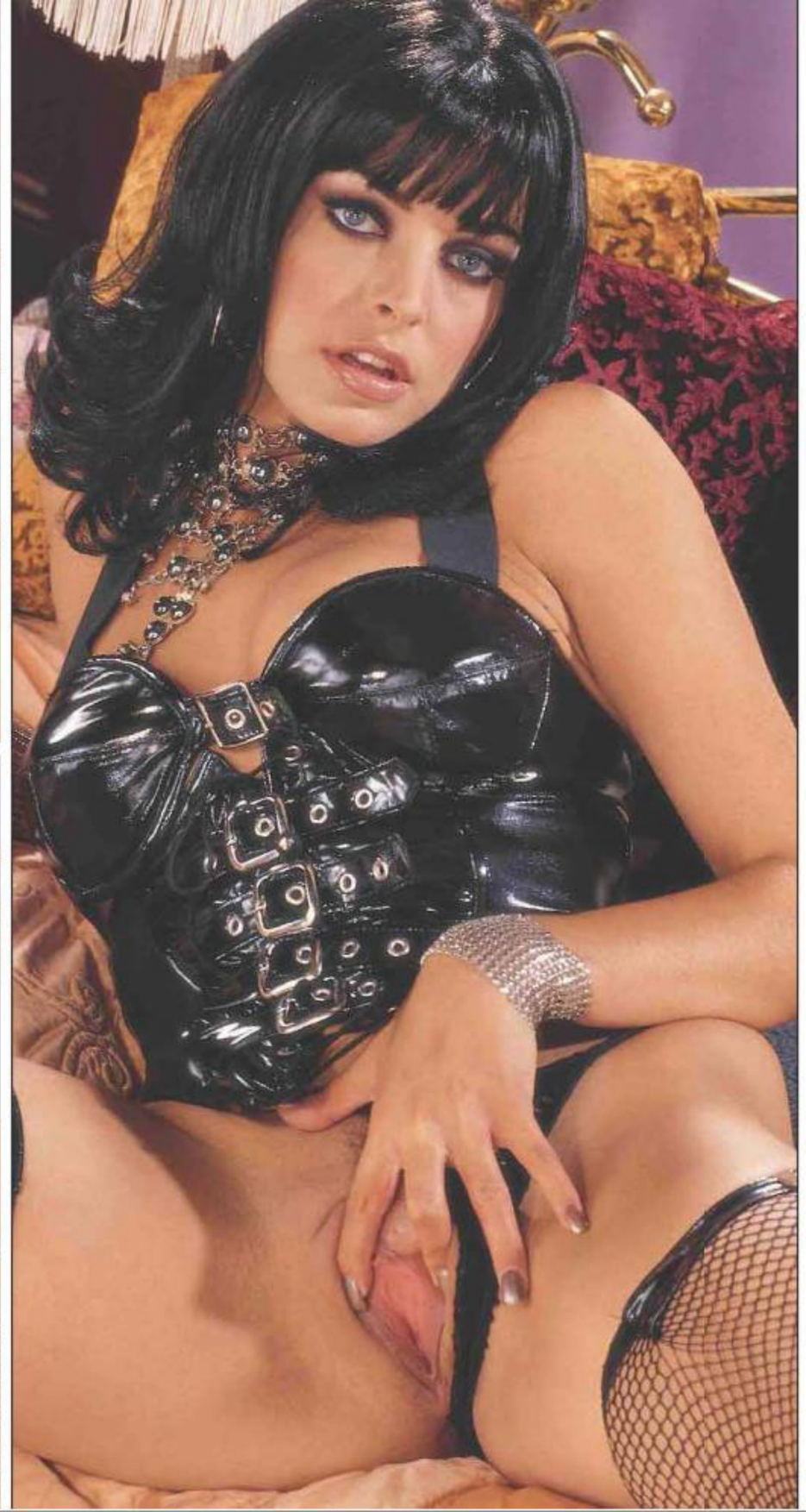
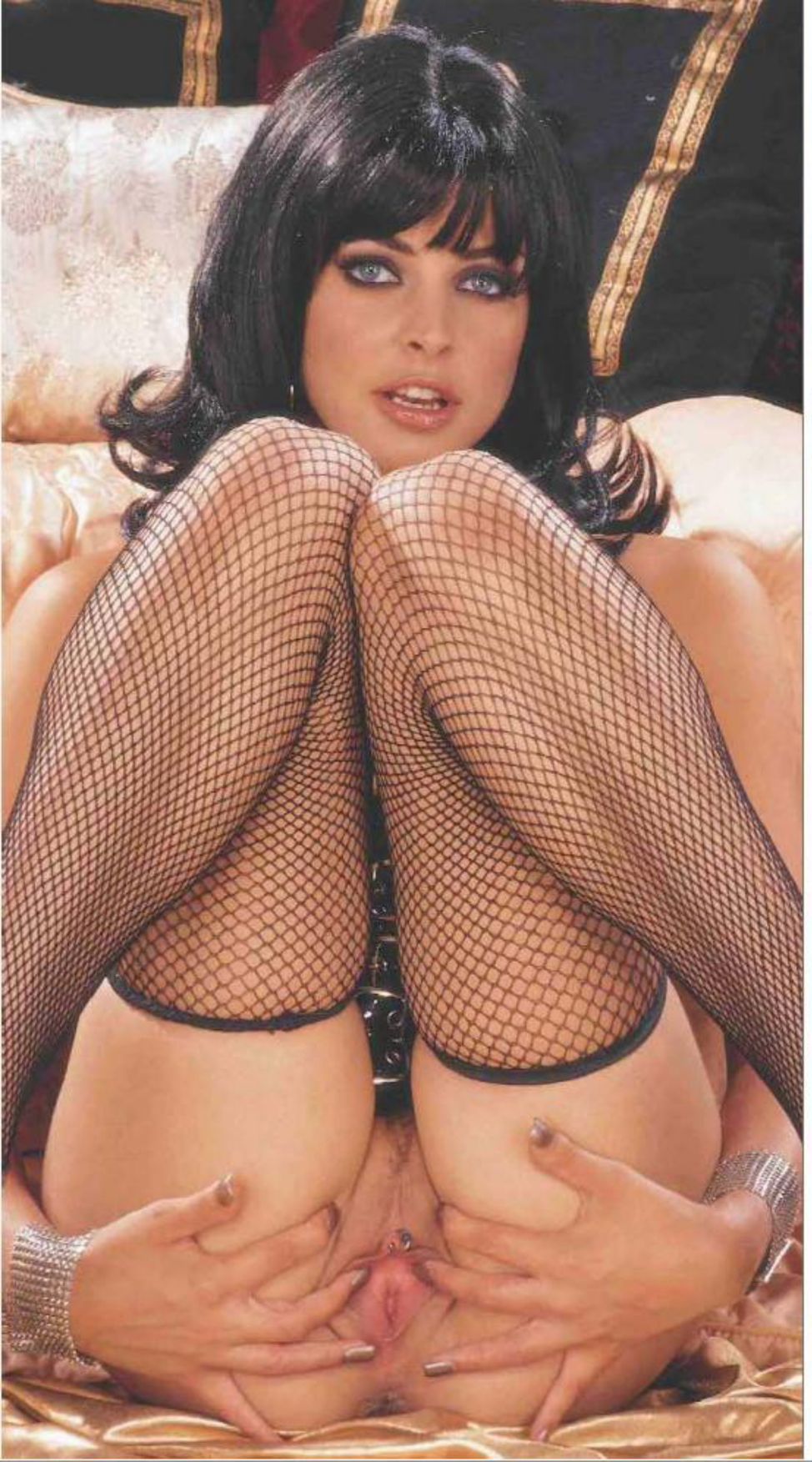
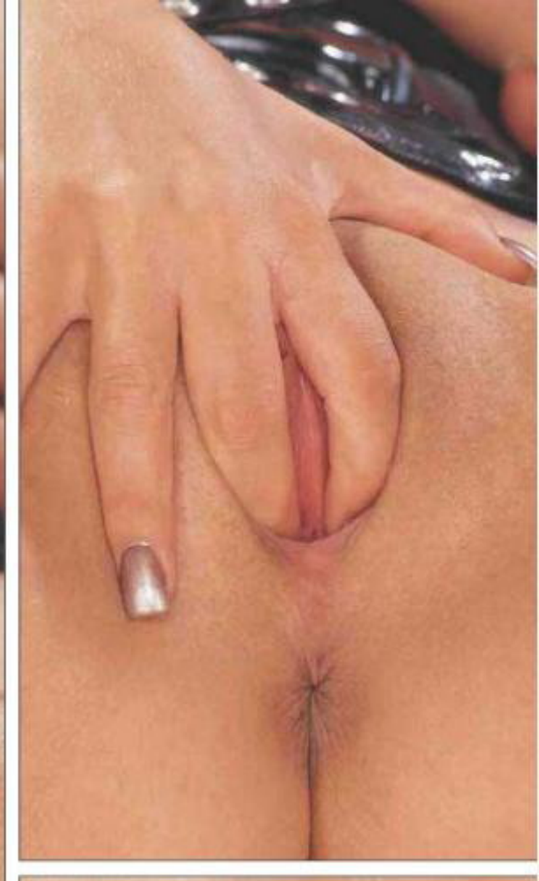
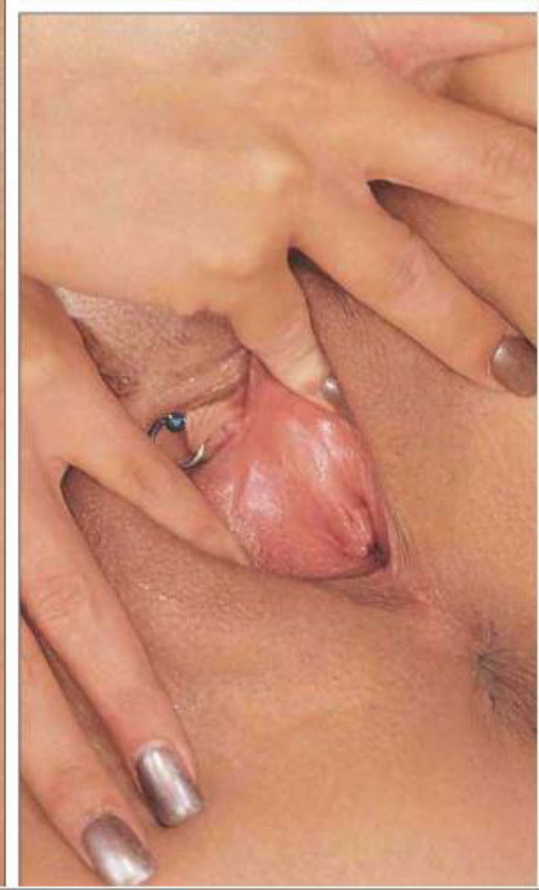
Kerri Ann





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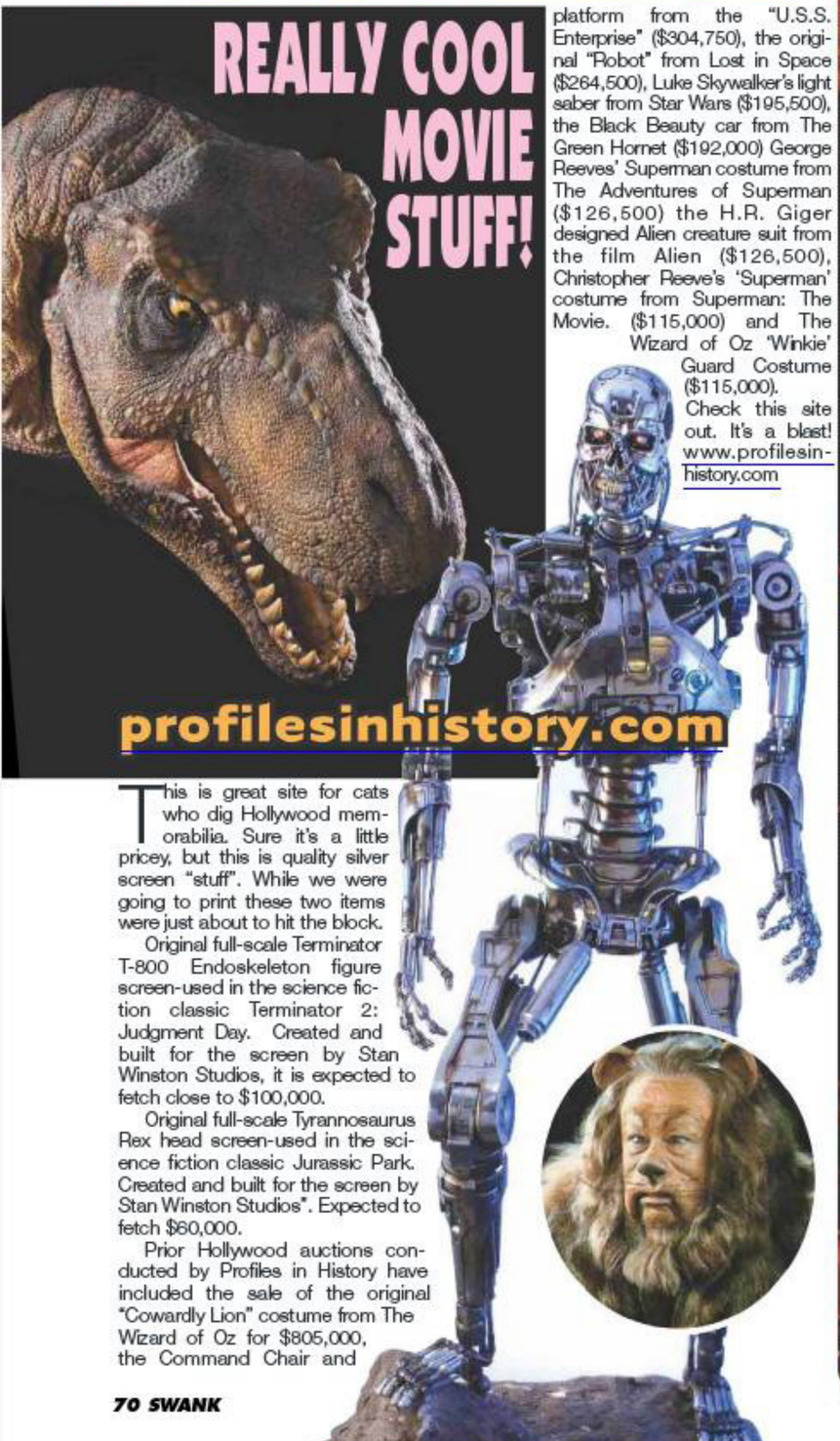


profilesinhistory.com

This is great site for cats who dig Hollywood memorabilia. Sure it's a little pricey, but this is quality silver screen "stuff". While we were going to print these two items were just about to hit the block.

Original full-scale Terminator T-800 Endoskeleton figure screen-used in the science fiction classic Terminator 2: Judgment Day. Created and built for the screen by Stan Winston Studios, it is expected to fetch close to $100,000.

Original full-scale Tyrannosaurus Rex head screen-used in the science fiction classic Jurassic Park. Created and built for the screen by Stan Winston Studios". Expected to fetch $60,000.

Prior Hollywood auctions conducted by Profiles in History have included the sale of the original "Cowardly Lion" costume from The Wizard of Oz for $805,000, the Command Chair and platform from the "U.S.S. Enterprise" ($304,750), the original "Robot" from Lost in Space ($264,500), Luke Skywalker's light saber from Star Wars ($195,500), the Black Beauty car from The Green Hornet ($192,000) George Reeves' Superman costume from The Adventures of Superman ($126,500) the H.R. Giger designed Alien creature suit from the film Alien ($126,500), Christopher Reeve's 'Superman' costume from Superman: The Movie. ($115,000) and The Wizard of Oz 'Winkie' Guard Costume ($115,000).

Check this site out. It's a blast! www.profilesinhistory.com

CLIMAX GUARANTEED!

Sophia's Fluttering Hummer

by California Exotic

Don't be fooled by "hummer" in the title. This little vibrator is for the chicks and based on the response around the office this baby does the trick. A few of the girls popped their head into my office and dropped some of these highlights.

1. It's made of a soft jelly-like material, not hard plastic.
2. You can really crank up the "hum factor".
3. The beak and wings used together make for a large area of stimulation.
4. Isolating the beak on the clit is a sure thing to get her off.

There you have it, straight from some satisfied and satiated users. Now it's time to part with $14.69 and use the Fluttering Hummer on your chick!

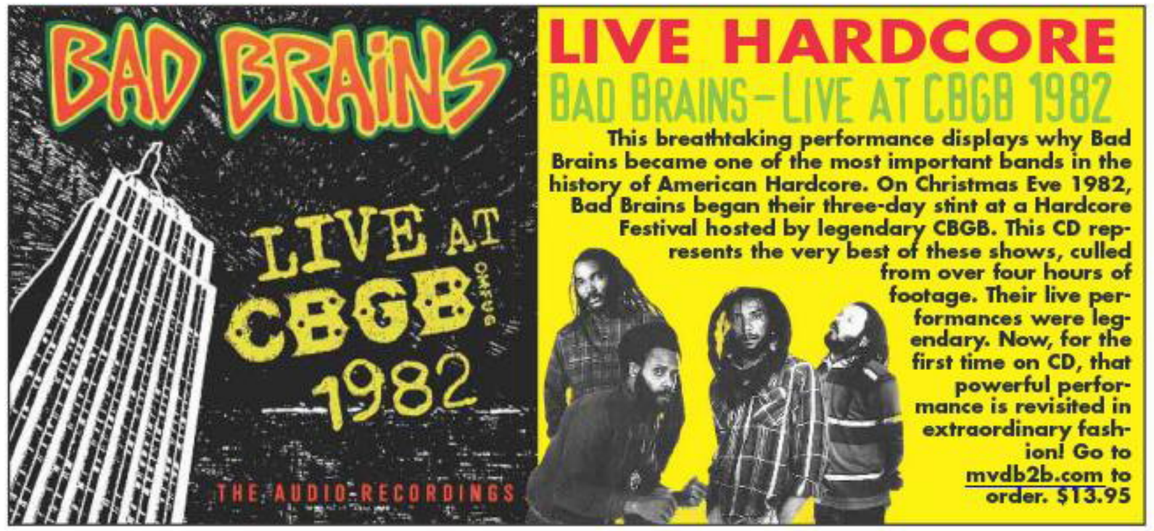
HUMMER'S BIG BROTHER

Shay's Purple Penguin

by California Exotic

It appears to be the trend over at Cal Exotics to use bird shapes and intense colors for their latest line of "vibrating eggs". Well, don't let the cute and cuddly shapes and pretty colors fool you, these vibrators are the real deal and sure to get your girl buzzing. In fact these warm and fuzzy elements might actually help when convincing your shy playmate to indulge in a little "toy fun"! Slightly protruding beak and big fat tummy make for a gentle yet powerful double vibro action. Price? About 15 bucks. And damn-well worth it!

For more info and to pick one up go to: www.AdamEve.com/California-Exotics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WINNING BIG! Las Vegas, Nevada

Sometimes size does matter and let's face it – in Vegas, the bigger the better. Here's a list of some of the bigger things you'll find in City of Sin.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST:

Permanent Circus – It's no surprise that the Circus Circus hotel is home to the world's largest permanent circus. Acts include jugglers, high wire stunts, trapeze artists and acrobats.

Video Screen – Spanning four city blocks and 1,400 feet, The Fremont Street Experience has the world's largest video screen.

Atrium – Not only does The Luxor have the world's brightest beam of light, but at 29 million cubic feet, it also has the world's largest atrium.

Single Gold Nugget – The Golden Nugget displays the world's largest single gold nugget, the "Hand of Faith" which weighs 61 pounds, 11 ounces. First uncovered in Wedderburn, Victoria, Australia, the "Hand of Faith" now has a permanent home in Las Vegas.

Gentlemen's Club – Billed as the largest strip club in the world, Sapphire Gentlemen's Club offers 70,000 square feet of adult entertainment. Book a bachelor party for five or 1,000 of your friends in Sapphire's party room.

Slot Pay Out Ever – On March 21, 2003, a 25-year-old software engineer from L.A. won $39,713,982.25 after putting in $100 in the Megabucks slot machine at the Excalibur Hotel.

AMERICA'S BIGGEST:

Dam - A National Historic Landmark, the Hoover Dam is the highest concrete dam in the Western Hemisphere, standing at more than 725 feet above the Colorado River.

Indoor Theme Park – The Adventuredome at Circus Circus, the biggest indoor theme park in the US, is filled with actions and thrills for the whole family. Check out the Canyon Blaster - a high-speed roller coaster which gives riders a 90-foot-high view of the park and boasts the only double-loop, double-corkscrew track in the United States.

Man-Made Lake – Lake Mead is the largest man-made lake in the Western Hemisphere. It occupies about 1.5 million acres — twice the size of Rhode Island — with about 820 miles of shoreline.

Bronze Statue of an Animal – The 45-foot-tall lion that stands outside the MGM Grand weighs a hefty 90,000 pounds, making it the largest in Vegas as well as the United States.

LAS VEGAS' BIGGEST:

Spa – At 69,000 square feet, The Venetian's Canyon Ranch SpaClub is the largest spa in town.

Supply of Rum – That award goes to the appropriately titled club, Rumjungle. Located in Mandalay Bay, the hotspot has stacks of rum from the floor to the ceiling.

Hotel – The MGM Grand has 5,690 rooms, making it the largest hotel in Vegas (and the second biggest in the world).

Suite – The Las Vegas Hilton boasts the largest and most expensive suites in town with its Sky Villas, (10,000+ square feet and $1,500 to $40,000 per night) but MGM's The Mansions follows at a close second with suites at 10,000 square feet.

Glass Sculpture – Created by Dale Chihuly of Seattle, The Fiori di Como is housed in the lobby of the Bellagio. The colorful ceiling sculpture took approximately 40,000 pounds of hand-blown glass to create and measures 65 feet 7 inches by 29 feet 6 inches.

If you need anymore info about Las Vegas, log on to: www.VEGAS.com

Marisa

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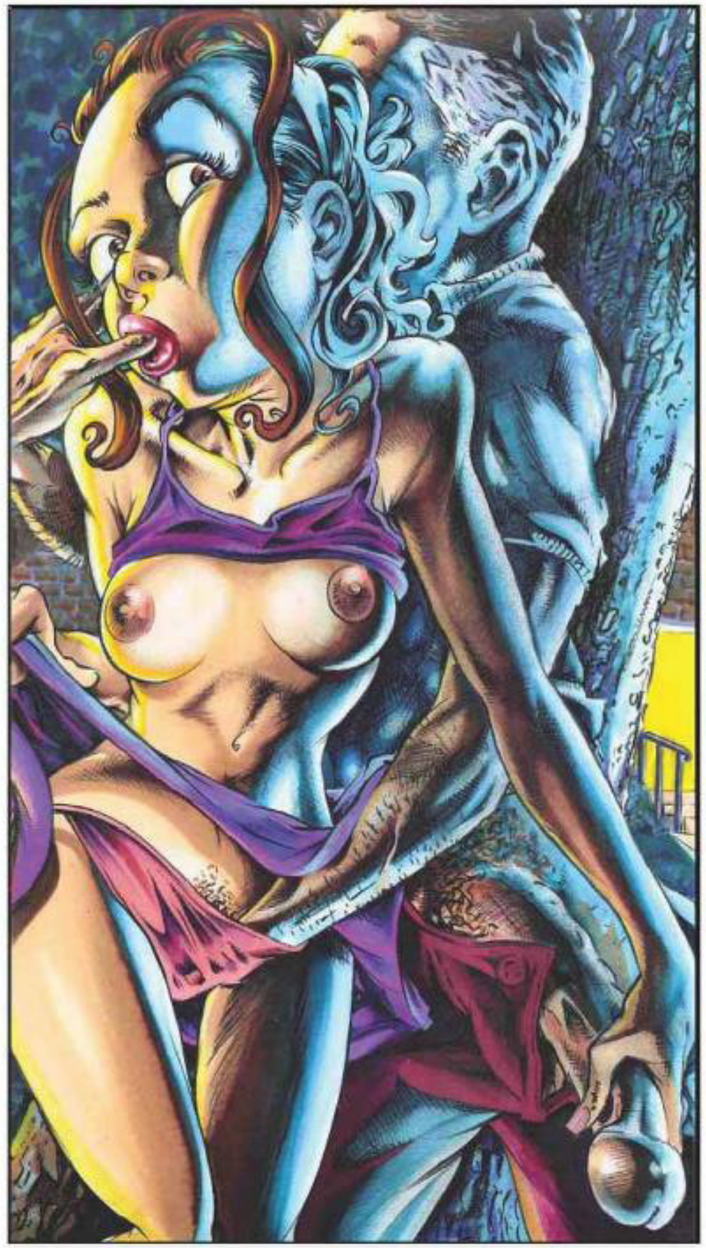
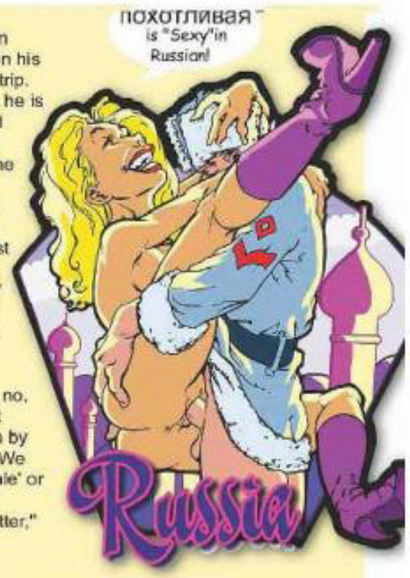


The new foreign exchange student enjoyed Mr. Davis correcting her on how Americans really shake their hands when greeting one another.

A tourist from Russia goes on his first overseas trip. Upon arriving, he is visibly puzzled filling his Visa application. The border official looks over his shoulder, and sees the tourist trying to write 'Twice a week' into the small space labeled 'SEX'.

The official explains, "No, no, no. That is not what we mean by this question. We are asking 'Male' or 'Female'.

"Doesn't matter," the tourist answers.



Steve preferred having sex with the lights off.

Penny

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RON AND MARY'S X-RATED PORN THEATER

BAD ASS BRIDGETTE

STARRING: BRIDGETTE KERKOVE
DIRECTED BY: NONE CREDITED
AVAILABLE FROM: BADASS PICTURES
RUNNING TIME: 170 MINUTES

This is a straight up best of Bridgette Kerkove from Badass Pictures. A retrospective if you will. Because it is scenes shot of a period of a few years you get every kind of Bridgette you could want. You get Bridgette with real boobs and fake boobs. With short hair, long hair and fake hair. You get Bridgette with skinny guys, fat guys, white guys, black guys and a girl on girl scene. You even get one guy in a dress! You got guys going in the front door and back door at the same time (This apparently is her specialty). You got guys meeting in the back. Bodily fluids flying and monster money shots are the hallmarks of a successful Bridgette scene. You get fuck scenes, blow job scenes and anal scenes that would make a proctologist blush. Anal beads and butt plugs and a whole bunch of fetish fun. You get ten crazy ass scenes with this dirty DIRTY girl.

In the first scene Bridgette takes on two guys that look like they came straight out of GayVN. If they didn't the one guy ought to rethink the lips tattoo on his ass and the treasure trail. That's right he had a treasure trail!

The second scene is a straight up BJ scene from start to finish. The third pairs a tied up Bridgette and a couple of studs who meet at the back. The next scene is another BJ scene.

She goes for a straight anal scene on the fifth of the disc and you've never seen close up like this! In the sixth scene on the DVD Bridgette takes on two black dudes with the biggest dicks I've ever seen, and manages to fit both of them in places at the same time. I swear if I ever banged this chick she wouldn't even know I was there!

The next scene is another all anal scene. I guess in boy/girl scenes they only get the butt! All the toys and tools come out for the only girl on girl scene on the disc, including the largest butt plug I ever in the history of the world. I can't believe how much this chick can fit in her ass. Then comes the crossdresser and another all anal scene to end it. Hah! End it! Get it?

This is some hot dirty nasty stuff from a wild hot chick. For any fan of Bridgette and for those who haven't seen her, (all three of you) this is definitely worth checking out. Make sure you pick up some plastic tarp to cover the furniture. –Chubby O'Dell

22710

CHERRY LICKERS 3

STARRING: BRANDI LYONS, AUGUST, CHLOE, ARIEL, ARIANNA ALYSE, BROOKE, IRINA SKY, LEXI LAMOR, LEXI BARDOT AND VANESSA
DIRECTED BY: BRIDGETTE KERKOVE
AVAILABLE FROM: METRO
RUNNING TIME: 115 MINUTES

How much do you like to witness the fitness of girl on girl action? If you answered a lot, Cherry Lickers 3 might be your potent brand of pervy porn. Although I'm partial to watching porn starlets take a deep dicking, I always give props to those ladies who like to get down with one another on film. You gotta diversify your porn portfolio, know what I'm sayin?

A XXX interlude shows a number of the highlighted sex scenes starts the flick, before we get down brass tax with the longer versions. While the dirty acts play, goofy original music backs up the action.

In the first scene, we witness the foxy August get down with Brandi Lyons. In addition to talking with a truck driver mouth, August seems to be the aggressor by going after her co-star with a few sexy licks on the nether regions before busting out the toys and probing each other from behind and in the missionary position. The ladies also enjoy a little mutual masturbation with their sex toys before they climax.

22766

Chloe and Ariel are next to hook up for some clit tickling fun. Although Chloe is a good looking bird, the massive amount of make up that she caked on for this scene, can't really hide her bad skin. It's rather evident when the cameraman zooms in for a close up of her licking her co-stars box. With some strap on action and lots of clit munching, this scene is decent, but with Chloe giggling like a school while she gets her strap on sucked takes away from the overall explosiveness of the scenario.

Vanessa gets on all fours as Lexi licks her box and pussy from behind, before she pumps the glass toy deep inside her. The ladies play around with each other, probing each other with fingers, toys and tongues before they collapse into one another.

Although Cherry Lickers isn't one of the most exciting girl on girl pix I've seen in a while, it was somewhat entertaining. If it weren't for the scene with Lexi and Vanessa, it could have been a big dud. In my opinion, it's these ladies who saved this pix from becoming another overlooked porn movie and transformed it into a decent smut session that might provide a second round jerk session. - Joey Bananas

22715

AU PAIR

STARRING: ANGEL, MARIA BELLUCCI, MIULEE, FRANKI
DIRECTED BY: NONE CREDITED
AVAILABLE FROM: VIV THOMAS
RUNNING TIME: 112 MINUTES

Finally here is the completely uncensored and uncut version of the Playboy TV series "The Au Pair". Nothing is spared, you're gonna get all the cock sucking and pussy pounding that you can possibly handle. For those of you not in the know, this series follows a gorgeous nubile young teen au pair named Matilda. Join in and follow her sexual exploits as she becomes part of the world of a wealthy high society couple. Jealousy, blackmail, deep hard dicking are all in a day's work for this horny young teen.

This movie is essentially all the episodes of the show laid out end to end in serial fashion. Matilda the au pair is one sneaky little blackmailing bitch, thank god she's one hell of a cutie. The couple that hired her, Jason and Zoe, are one good looking and horny couple . The au pair accidentally walks in on Zoe and her brother-in-law fooling around and rutting like animals in an upstairs bedroom. Seizing the opportunity the sexy little minx watches the two go all Animal Planet on each other.

Just when you thought the hijinks had ended, into the story comes the au pair's well stacked sister Sally. Not only is Sally drop dead gorgeous she has the hots for Jason. A wicked fantasy segment of a torrid threesome starring Sally Jason and Zoe becomes fodder for Sally's masturbatory fantasies.

Deciding to stay on a while, Sally is relaxing in the couple's pool when a chick named Lisa turns up looking for Zoe. The pool and the wet agile barely legal bitch in it are too tempting to resist. Lisa dives in for more than just a dip of the pool. The best lesbian scene I've seen in a long time ensues and it's shot great to boot.

Now it's time for some promised intrigue and blackmail. In order to get more of what she wants, the au pair blackmails Lisa into getting naked for her. This is a tense scene filled with so much sexual energy you'll feel it in the air.

It's refreshing to see a real story develop around some quality sex scenes. It's all too rarein this world of gonzo wall-to-wall pornography. Show your girlfriend that not all porn is butt blasting and facial frostings. The Au Pair is your ace in the proverbial hole. –Lonnie Shays

THICK WHITE HEART BUTTS

STARRING: HOLLIE STEVENS, SARA JAY, KIARA MARIE, CLAIRE DAMES, DANA LANE
DIRECTED BY: JACOB JEWEL
AVAILABLE FROM: BUBBLE BUTT INC.
RUNNING TIME: 120 MINUTES

Ever since I lost my left testicle in a horrible fishing accident, I've had a tough time getting wood. (Allergic to Viagra unfortunately.) Well, "Thick White Heart Butts" (TWHB) changed all that. First I have a confession to make, I like my women big. And the gals in this vid have meat on their bones. Hell, they even have meat on their meat. There's nothing like cellulite dimpled booty to get your blood up. But don't get me wrong, they're not cows or anything – more like sows, I'd say. In other words, they're big - but not Rosie O'Donnell big (or a slob, to quote my hero Donald Trump). They're more like that chunky black chick who won an Oscar for singing that song in Dream Girls.

But I digress. Did you know that when the right butt is positioned the right way, it has exactly the same shape as a heart? Well, that's what the makers of TWHB are out to prove. It's a controversial theory, I know. But as it says on the DVD box, "These Asses will melt your heart!" Especially if it's one of those chocolate-coated Valentine's Day hearts you buy at the drugstore and you decide to jam it right up one of these smoking hot asses. At least I think it would melt. I mean, the average human body temperature is 98.6 degrees, right? So the hotties in TWHB must have asshole temps of at least 105 degrees. But is that enough to melt chocolate? How the fuck should I know? What do I look like, a meteorologist who specializes in bunghole climatology?

But I'll tell you what I do know - these girls fuck like ducks. I mean they fuck like ducks that've seen a lot of bunnies fuck. That is to say, these five Rubenesque mommas take to dick like a duck to water. Each of the five segments starts in a sunny exterior and moves to an elegant LA interior as the cameraman cons the gals with some bullshit story about a calendar shoot and a $10,000 prize. Even though it's all about the asses there's no actual anal sex in TWHB. Rather, condomless fucking and sucking in various positions. Everything from cowgirl to cowboy to just plain cow, with one facial and four dripping ass-ials. Remember - It's Big Butt certified! –Brian O'Hara

FOR LOVE MONEY OR GREEN CARD

STARRING: ROXY JEZEL, RANDY SPEARS, KATIE MORGAN, AVY SCOTT, KINZIE KENNER, GIA PALOMA, TOMMY GUNIN, MR. PETE
DIRECTED BY: STORMY DANIELS
AVAILABLE FROM: WICKED
RUNNING TIME: 120 MINUTES

Loud, Dirty and Hot, add in a sexy accent and Roxy Jezel is the perfect woman. Simple enough plot at work here: to avoid deportation, our "British" heroine must get married. But when her company lays her off she loses her visa and needs a lesbian help from her friends. Like many relationships, though, hers is on the outs because Mr. Pete is tired of her shit. After a last bang, she kicks him out. Cue Randy Spears, and obsessive compulsive opposite to Roxy's slob of a character. Avy & Kinzie fill the role of lezbo lovers in convincing fashion. Lucky for Roxy, they're willing to help her find a man… but not before some genius HLA filled with tit-smacking and carpet munching.

These two make me wish I were a lesbian (but only the hot kind, not the dyke kind). Even their toys are hot. Great strap-on anal work in this scene. Heavy focus on anal somehow makes this scene imperative in the plot development in my eyes. Katie gets Avy singing. And so begins Viv's internet blind dating stint with loser after loser.

At work, Tom attempts to hide his sudden nuptials from his boss Gary who's too preoccupied bumping uglies with his secretary to give a shit. With a mouth that's made for fucking, Gia Paloma makes it easy to understand why. She takes it in the ass reverse cowgirl and sucks a nut like a champ, but it's no improvement on the lesbian scene earlier. Then again, not much would be. After a series of basic positions, the two literally finish polishing the boss's desk leaving a dribble of nut butter on the secretary's chin. "Dick-tation" indeed!

With one last stab at comedy before the finale, Randy Spears fakes premature ejaculation. They trade oral work and the Viv hops up and down on the Spear, continuing to work up a massive cherry-popping load. -Lyle Kennedy

MOTHERLOAD 2

STARRING: ALISANDRA, JAMES DEEN, JENNER, KAYLA SINZ, MAYA DEVINE, MICHELLE LAY, PAYTON LEIGH, SCOTT NAILS, SHANNON KELLY, TRENT SOLURI
DIRECTED BY: MIKE QUASAR
AVAILABLE FROM: ZERO TOLERANCE
RUNNING TIME: 120 MINUTES

It's not fair! Moms were NEVER this fucking hot when I was growing up! We had the suburban moms in their FUPA jeans and their belly rolls. Fuck! At least you can jerk off to these hot moms while you curse your place in history.

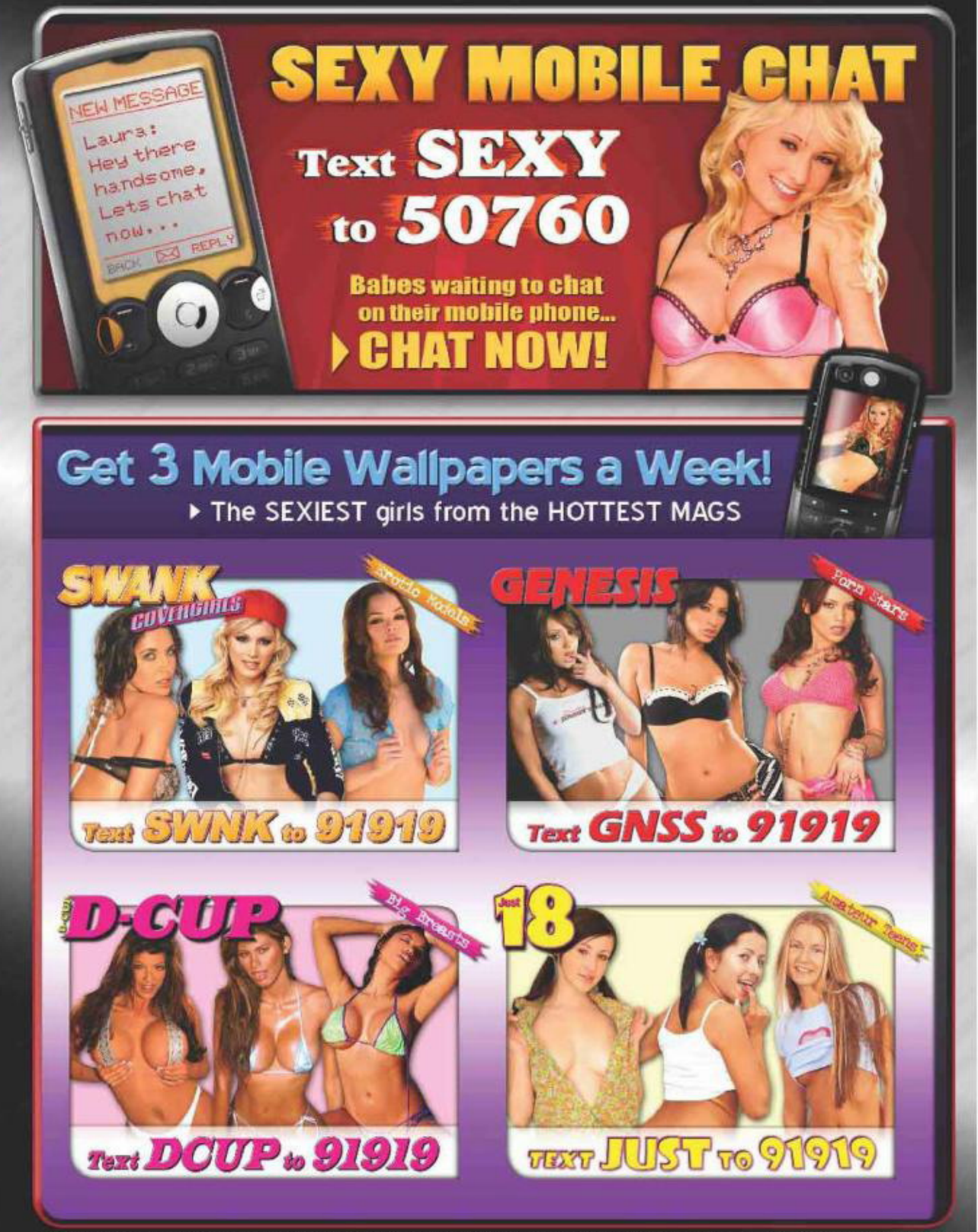
Alisandra is one hot hard-body MILF. She wants to appropriately thank her young worker for everything he's done. First she gives him some food, then she turns on the human vacuum and tries to cave in his forehead as she sucks his cock. Nice blowjob that moves at an even speed. Fucking her pussy Trent keeps her mooning and groan through some different positions. The dirty hot mommy even gives a little pussy to mouth before moving on to anal. Alisandra yelps a bit when Trent fucks her tight asshole. A true lady Ali has him cum in her mouth and she lets the goo slide from her lips and down to her tits.

Shannon Kelly seduces her tennis instructor during a steamy lesson. The action moves indoors after an on-court suck off. Shannon puts her all into the scene and every delicious second is captured perfectly on film. Proving that fucking ain't just a younger girl's game Shannon flips upside down in an anal pile-driving fuck session. Amazing! The horny mother gets shot in the mouth and cleans off his cock to end the fun.

Maya Devine knows the secret to alleviating back pain. Rub your soft tits all over the spine! Maya keeps turning up the heat with a milking hand job with a ton of eye contact. In fact Maya rarely takes her eyes off the stud as she works him over with her hands, mouth and pussy. No anal for the slutty mother but the killer eyes and that non-stop stare more than make up for the lack of backdoor pumping.

Beautiful Michelle Lay is a college counselor with a troubled student in her care. She sends him home with some extra instruction that turns out to be an invitation for lust at her place! Spreading her long legs wide Michelle has her pussy eaten like no tomorrow. Skipping a blowjob the go right to fucking. Michelle does pause for some pussy to mouth and it's back to fucking. This is a great way to bang the movie to a close and these two are on fire. Before all is said and done, Michelle's asshole has been poked and her pussy is coated with slippery jizz.

Kayla Sinz and Payton Leigh both have very hot scenes that are worthy of a long look. Do not let this movie slip away, you'll be hating yourself all day. –Lester Holt



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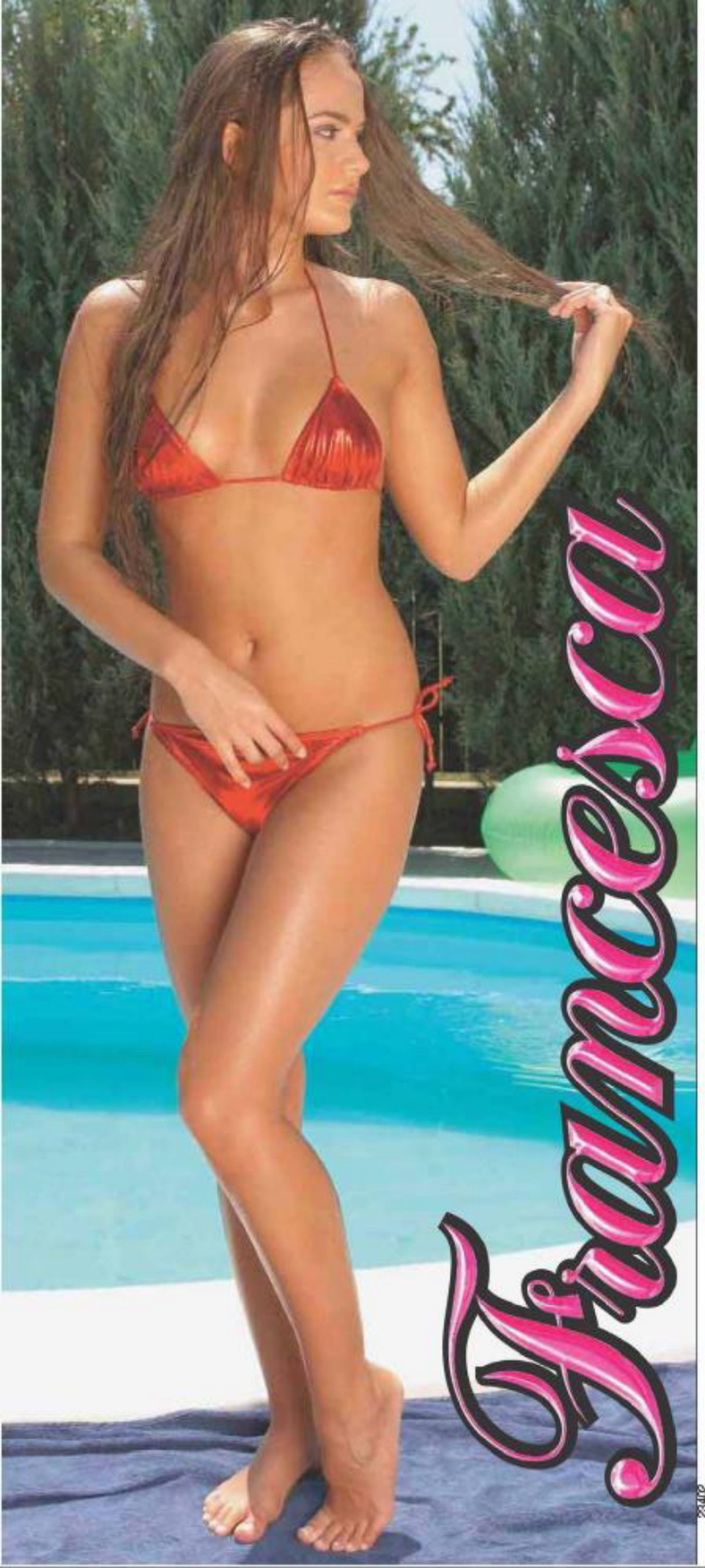
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